

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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LETTING IT COOL.

ONE morning Helen Gray did not come down to breakfast until near school-time. She was then in such haste that she did not stop to sit at the table, but, standing up beside it, took a cup of hot chocolate that her mother passed to her. She raised the cup to her lips and tried to drink, but one attempt was enough, for in that she burned her mouth sadly.

"I know what I will do," said Helen, "I will pour a part of the chocolate into my saucer, and let it cool; it will not take long. It will not be a genteel way of drinking, but I am sure it will be better than to burn my mouth."

Helen poured a part of the hot chocolate into her saucer, and waited a minute or two for it to cool; then she raised it slowly to her mouth and drank it without burning her.

"It is always best to let things cool," said Mrs. Gray.

"What things do you mean, mother," said Willie, who was just starting for school, "stewed oysters and baked potatoes? They are some times awfully hot."

"I was thinking of tempers," said his mother. "I do not know of any thing more important than that we should wait a few minutes

for a heated temper to cool, before we speak or act."

Helen blushed, for she had a bad temper, and knew that the remark was meant for her. She resolved that, when provoked, she would let her temper cool before she said or did any thing. She kept her resolution, and found that it made a happy change in her character.

For The Dayspring.

NOTABLE DAYS IN THE CALENDAR OF CHILDHOOD.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

ALL days are not alike to a boy or girl. You can't make a schoolboy think that Friday is quite as nice a day as Saturday; for, on Saturday, school don't keep, and he can go into the woods or go a fishing. No matter what the weather is, or what the season of the year may be, he is a free boy on Saturday; and I never yet saw a free boy who could not get up something interesting. Now, let us take a boy's calendar, and go through the notable days that you can find in one whole year. First of all, there is NEW YEAR'S DAY. How like heaven's own music is the salutation of that day, — "*Wish you a happy new year!*" when it comes from glad children, who have stolen downstairs, barefoot, to surprise papa and mamma before they were up.

What does New Year's Day mean to a boy? That depends on where the boy lives. If he is a country boy, it means a holiday, for on that day school does not keep. If a city boy, it means New Year's calls, and sometimes it means the first glass

of wine. It should mean good resolutions for the year to come.

New Year's Day has come and gone, and the boy waits impatiently for time to bring about the next notable day in his calendar. At length it comes. As it approaches, you see in the bookstores a long string of grotesque-looking pictures. Piles of them are on the counter. There are envelopes of every size, and these pictures are all meant to be sent somewhere in the envelopes. Funny verses are often printed under the pictures. At last the 14th of February comes, and that is ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. The birds are then said to pair for the year. The boys always have spending money at that time, and they are pretty sure to spend it for valentines. Woe be to the school-mistress who has offended one of these little ones! She is sure to receive a picture that shall be a stinging reminder of her offence. More boys and girls can be seen at the post-office on that day than on any other in the whole year.

Hardly has St. Valentine's Day passed when I begin to hear the boys talk about a holiday that is coming. They do not care so very much for the occasion itself. All it means to most of them is liberation from school. February 22d, WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. Ah, boys, you ought on that day to read, or hear read, the "little hatchet" story, and learn how noble it is to tell the truth. A tree dies, and sometimes you find it full of holes made by an unseen little borer. Lie holes are the worst holes that can be made in a boy's character. So when Washington's Birthday comes again, don't fail to see in it a good broad hint to be always truthful. You will be strongly tempted to be untruthful on the very next notable day in the calendar of childhood. That day is ALL FOOLS' DAY, and everybody knows when it comes.

I wonder who invented the foolish practice of trying so hard to fool people on that day. It is rightly called "All Fools' Day," and I often think all the fools in the nation have moved into my neighborhood. That day teaches a great deal that is wrong; for, in their eagerness to fool people, children are almost sure to overstep the bounds of truth. It is not wrong to nail down a horseshoe, and laugh as you see a friend stoop down and try to pick it up; neither is it wrong to drop a paper of sand where some one may pick it up for sugar, — but it is wrong to say to another that there is some one at the door, waiting to see him, when the person you address finds no one there, and you knew there was no one there when you told him.

But what day is this that comes next? It opens with ringing of bells and firing of cannon. Bands of music and troops of soldiers and crowds of people fill the streets. Chinese fire-crackers are in the hands of half the boys. THE FOURTH OF JULY has come. But do the boys stop to think what it means? I doubt it. Where there is so much noise, there is very little sober thought. But they all know it means "independence," and that word is a good watchword for boys. It is a good day for every boy to get up a declaration of independence, and break away from his allegiance to all bad habits, if he has formed any. Even boys are sometimes the slaves of a greater tyrant than old King George the Third ever was. They smoke, and they say very bad words, and when the day comes that made their country free the boys ought to be free from all that is bad.

Fall comes soon after Independence Day. It is not long from July to November. The earth has smiled with harvests, and such smiles are the kind that men can

live upon. The apples are in the cellar. The wheat is in the granary. The shagbarks and chestnut and butternut trees drop their nuts, and the boys know just where to find them. The kitchen is alive with work. Is company coming? Yes, that is what the turkey and the chickens have been killed for. That is what those mincepies, and a thousand other good things, that busy hands all over the country are preparing, mean. Next Thursday is THANKSGIVING DAY. The grown-up son will go home, and take with him his wife and little ones. The old spot will be visited once more. Grandparents, parents, and grandchildren shall sit at the same table. In the evening what games there will be for the children around the huge old fireplace in the kitchen! That was what Thanksgiving Day meant to me when I was a boy.

But there are boys who have no homes, and to them Thanksgiving Day is often a day of sadness. But it ought to be a day for kind deeds and grateful feelings from us all. It ought to foreshadow that other day, notable in the calendar of childhood, that comes not so very long after it. Of all days in the year, I do not think there is one that children look forward to as they do to that. What day can I mean but CHRISTMAS?

I can look back now to the time when I really believed that Santa Claus would come down the chimney to fill my stockings. I had faith in an unseen being who fills our lives as full of good things as any stockings were ever filled with nuts and candies. We all have to give up Santa Claus at last; but let not the boy or girl who finds presents thrown in his way while he sleeps forget that there is One who is always doing good things for him, whether he is sleeping or waking. "A merry Christmas" is a good wish. May you all realize it!

Is the calendar complete now? Is Christmas the last notable day? I fear that to most children it is. But I think the calendar of childhood needs just one more notable day in it. As the years go on, I think we shall see that day observed and joyfully looked for. I mean now EASTER SUNDAY, the SUNDAY OF JOY. Beautifully colored Easter eggs are often given on this day as presents. What do they mean? An egg-shell is a prison. It holds what may come forth as a living creature. The grave held our Saviour in its prison walls; but he came forth, and Easter Sunday commemorates his resurrection. All the beauty of the earth dies in winter, but in the spring it has a resurrection. Spring is the Easter of the dead year. How gloomy is the very thought of death! Hear what our Anglo-Saxon ancestors thought of the grave:—

"Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained,
And death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

"Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee,
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see."

Easter Sunday teaches us to take a different view of death and the grave from that. It tells us that we have a friend who *will* come to us, and who *will* open for us the door of the "house that was built for us ere we were born." I have not told you when Easter Sunday comes. Ask your Sunday-school teacher, and get your teacher

to ask the superintendent to have services on Easter Sunday afternoon or evening *for the children*. Let them all be told what Easter Sunday means; let it be made for them a Sunday of Joy, and by and by it will find its place along with all the other dear delightful days, and become, perhaps, the most notable day in the calendar of childhood.

NOW IS THE TIME.

ONE of the most common of all laments is this one, and I have heard it hundreds of times from gray-headed men in every walk of life: "Oh, that my lost youth could come back to me, and I could have again the chance for improvement I once had!" What "lucky fellows" you are, to be sure, with the privilege of being about twelve or fifteen years old. Still keeping within your own control those priceless opportunities when the portals of knowledge are standing wide open and inviting you in, and not one adverse spirit daring to hold you back! Don't I wish I could be a boy again! We, who are swiftly stepping westward towards the setting sun, cannot help crying out to you, who are still in the eastern quarter of life, what Horace Mann used to sound in our ears when we were as young as you are, "Orient yourselves."

What we sow in youth we reap in age. The seed of the thistle always produces the thistle. The possibilities that wait upon you who are yet in the spring-time of existence, who are yet holding in your own two hands the precious gift of time, cannot be estimated. Do not forget that a *useless* life is an early death. — James T. Fields.

HUMAN things must be known to be loved, but divine things must be loved to be known.

For The Dayspring.

THE ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

INSECTS.

F.

BY C. T. B.

DEAR children, once more we return to our task. No doubt you have long since been tempted to ask, "If in doing five letters four years were expended, How long will it be ere the alphabet's ended?" Well, we sailed along smoothly through A, B, C, D, With the Drone and the Cricket, the Ant and the Bee;

We had some slight trouble with E, it is true, But the Earth-worm we thought for an insect would do.

So, now that we once more have walked fore and aft,

And with careful inspection examined our craft, Again we put forth on the sea of our rhyme, Not doubting, in future, to make better time.

What, then, shall F stand for? I hear you reply: "What else, to be sure, than our house-friend, the FLY?"

He's a friend that comes only in summer, 'tis true, As two-legged human "fair-weather friends" do; But the six-legged ones do as well as they know, And the Lord in his wisdom created them so. Too much of a good thing some think there may be, But sure there are nuisances greater than he; And 'tis pleasant in spring-time to greet him again, As he thaws his stiff wings on the warm window-pane.

The fly is a cheery companion of man, Though housewives in dog-days will kill all they can.

Yet, short as their day is, they teach, on the wing, The wisdom of Him who made each living thing; Whoever shall study their structure shall see How wondrous the skill of their Maker must be. What singular creatures, you'll say, are these flies, That walk on six legs and have only two eyes! Are they like certain bipeds who roam round the ball,

Year in and year out, and see nothing at all? Perhaps our young readers will learn with surprise Each eye of a fly contains thousands of eyes; You must study the books if you want to know *how*,

For I have not quite time to explain the thing now.

The flies keep a circus that's open all day,
Which children can see without having to pay.
What feats they perform! They make nothing at all
Of walking right up a smooth, slippery wall,
Or on ceilings, feet upward, and mind it no more
Than if they were walking on table or floor.
How they manage to do it there's nobody knows:
Some think 'tis by very small hooks on their toes;
The foot of a fly is a sucker, some say,
Like those leather ones with which boys often play;
But others maintain they're supplied with a glue,
Which enables the creatures to stick as they do.
The fly is a household companion of man,
And shows his attachment as much as he can;
On some coral isle if you met with a fly,
They say you might know human beings were nigh.
Then never, dear children, torment or despise
The curious, domestic, industrious flies.
How oft the poor prisoner to death would have
pined,
If some sociable fly had not solaced his mind,
And buoyed up his faith with the thought, "It
must be:
Who cares for the fly will care also for me!"

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

By the time this number of the "Day-spring" reaches its many readers they will have returned from the vacations which they have enjoyed so much, and will have entered upon their usual duties and pleasures. Now I wish to say a word to you all about *one* of your pleasures, — for when I see your sparkling eyes and bright faces whenever the story of the Children's Mission is told you, I *know* that it is a pleasure to you to feel that you, through the Mission, are helpers of the poor little children. While you have been enjoying yourselves this last summer you have, no doubt, remembered the children in the Mission, and have resolved that when you returned you would show your gratitude for the pleasures and benefits which you have received, by trying to give help and pleasure to others. Franklin used to say to those who thanked him for his kindness to them, —

"Repay me by helping the next needy person that you meet," — and this is a good rule for us all to follow.

While you have been busy and happy in the vacation time, this work of yours at the Mission has been carried on for you, and many a poor little child has been made happy and comfortable, and has felt grateful to you for the help which your pennies, given through your *mile-boxes* or Sunday schools, have procured them. You little know the loads of suffering and care which are lifted from these little hearts by you, children, who love and support the Children's Mission. I will tell you two stories, — out of the great number which might be told, — which will give you some idea of the great good you are doing these little ones.

Some years ago a dear little girl was sent to a home by your Mission. She grew up a good girl, and a good woman; was married to a worthy young man, and the happy couple went to the far West to begin life together. They were industrious and frugal, and all went well with them. This summer a letter came from her, giving an account of their home and little family. She tells all about her house, — how it is furnished, — about her children, — and ends by saying that she has *the best husband in the world*. I wish that you could see her letter, and read in her own words of the great happiness which has come to her from what children did for her through the Mission.

The other story is of a boy whose father died, leaving him to the care of relatives who were able to help him but would not. He came to the Mission and there you cared for him. He was honest and truthful, — a real good boy. When very small he had a fall which left him lame, and unable to do the active work expected from boys

of his age. Month after month we tried to find a place where he might be taught some trade suitable for him, but without success, until this summer, when a letter came from a friend who, seeing in the Register that the Mission wanted places for boys and girls, wished to help by taking one. At first he thought this boy too young, but, on hearing his story, his kind heart was moved to give him a trial. The result has been all that we could wish. Our friend likes the boy, who begins to show talent and capacity for his work. He shall speak to you for himself, in a letter which he wrote us a few weeks since. Some corrections are made in the spelling, but you have his exact words.

DEAR MR. CROSBY, — I am getting along very nicely. I think that it is a nice place out here. We had a clam-bake out here. We had clams, corn, sweet potatoes. I go to the store, and wait on the customers. I had a nice time at T—— with Miss F——. I can fix pins and ear-rings and clean watch-cases; and I stay in the store while he goes out. I can take clocks to pieces and clean them, and put them together again. I sweep out the store every morning. I put all the jewelry in the safe. Give my love to my mother and Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Brown. I would like to see my mother and Dick and Mr. Barry and Mr. Crosby and Miss Lane and Dickev Duffie, and all the children, and Miss Jackson and Jessie.

Yours truly,

These are but *two* out of the *many thousand* children who have been made happy and assisted to grow up into good men and women by the children who have helped to support the Mission. Imagine, if you can, what these children might have become if they had not been cared for by the Mission.

Now I shall not ask you whether you think this a good work, — for *I know that you do*, — nor whether you will continue to help carry it on, — for *I know that you*

will. Increase your contributions, if you can, but do not be discouraged if they are small. Remember that Jesus said that it was not a small thing to give even a cup of cold water to one of these little ones. Give with a *good motive*, — a *desire to help the needy*, — and your gift will be accepted as if given to *him*. Keep up your contributions in your *Sunday schools*, and in your *mite-boxes*. If any of you have no *mite-box*, send to the Mission for one, use it at home, and try to interest your parents and friends in it. There is another way in which every boy and girl can help. Each of you has some outgrown suit of clothes or dress, some overcoat or sack, some pair of shoes or socks, some article of clothing that our little ones could wear. Would you not like to feel that after you have done with them they were warming some other dear boy or girl? Think over the ways in which you can help; talk about it with your brothers, sisters, and playmates, — with your parents, — and help in the way which suits you best, — but for your own good as well as for the good of these poor children who look to you to help them, — do not fail to keep up your interest in the *Children's Mission*. And that the blessing of the great friend of little children, who took them in his arms and blessed them, and said that "of such is the kingdom of heaven," be on you, dear children and friends, and upon all, everywhere, who befriend his little ones, is the wish of your friend,

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE MISSION.

IDLENESS does not mean happiness by any means, though many young people think that an idle life must be a pleasant one. But there are none who enjoy so little, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do.

HUMOROUS.

At a distribution of prizes in a German village, a little girl, seven years old, whose parents had just been turned out of their lodgings because they had failed to pay their rent, was asked by the rector: "Have you studied sacred history, my child?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know the history of the creation?" "I know that God made all." "Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?" The child hesitated a moment, and then, fixing her eye on the examiner, replied: "*Probably they were turned out because they could not pay their rent!*"

Friend to scientific authority: "Doctor, how is a man to tell a mushroom from a toadstool?" Scientific authority: "By eating it. If you live, it is a mushroom; if you die, it is a toadstool."

A little boy, a few days since, while coming downstairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?"

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change "a bit." If you take off another, you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another, it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that, if you wish to be rid of a "habit," you must throw it off altogether.

Trees have their time to leave, and never leave without a bough.

A little Cincinnati girl, when asked what God had made her for, replied: "To wear a red fedder in my hat." Many an older person of her sex has, to all appearances, pretty much of the same conception of heaven's designs.

HECTOR AND THE DUCKS.

We dare say that our young readers want to hear something about the dog and the ducks which they see in the picture on the opposite page. The story we have to tell about them is a strange one, but it is said to be true. A minister kept a very fierce and noisy watch-dog whose name was Hector. He barked furiously at strangers who came near the house, and sometimes tried to bite them. When his master found what a dangerous fellow he was, he bought a collar and chain, and fastened him to his kennel. There Hector had to stay day after day and night after night. When any stranger came within sight, or any strange noise was heard, he would rattle his chain and bark terribly, but he could not get away.

Although Hector was so cross he had some firm friends in a brood of little ducks that lived in the yard. Whenever they heard him bark and rattle his chain, they would run to him and nestle about his great feet, or hide themselves in his kennel. It seemed as though they thought that there was danger near and went to Hector for protection. We are glad to say that the cross dog never was cross to these ducks, but always proud to protect them and have them near him.



For The Dayspring.

NOTES AND BEAMS.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.



MOTHER, you don't know how *awfully* Bel acts! I declare, I'm so 'shamed of her, I wish, sometimes, she wasn't my sister, and that she'd never been born!" and Marian's eyes quite overflowed their deeply fringed lids, as her indignation deepened with the recital of her woe, and her color heightened as she went on, with kindling ire, "What do you think she did? She came into school late, — and all the scholars were there just ready to look with their whole two eyes at any thing out of the way, — and walked right in, dressed up in Bridget's great big plaid skirt pinned up in front and dragging on the ground behind, and that old-fashioned bonnet of grandma's we have to play with up in the attic sometimes. Of course, all the school laughed, and Miss Stark couldn't help laughing too; but *I* didn't laugh. I was so, so mortified, I *couldn't*; but my face burned like fire, and got as red as a tomato, I know, and" —

"Stop, little daughter; wait a moment," said Mrs. Howe, drawing Marian to her side, and smoothing her tossed curls with a loving hand. "Think a little. Was it only mortification that you felt? Was it not anger, that quick temper that blazes up so readily at every little spark of offence, and was not *that* as wrong as was Bel's naughtiness, though she did not mean to do wrong, I believe?"

"But, mother, ought she to do such things? It was only last week she walked down street with that old umbrella, all ribs and no silk on it, spread over her head, in a hard rain; and Tom Paine said

he met my sister out walking with a grid-iron for a protector, and made me so mad!"

Mrs. Howe looked grieved, and the little face beside her flushed a deeper hue even than it was before she recalled this last stab to her pride, as her mother opened the Bible that always lay on the work-stand in the cosey corner where she sat, turning the leaves till she came to the sixth chapter of St. Luke, which she read aloud, afterward repeating these words: "'Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.' Motes and beams! Ah, my daughter, we are all too apt to forget *that*, as well as other things the blessed Jesus taught; but let me try to help you to understand this one simple lesson. It is not that I would uphold Bel in her merry pranks; she has her small and great faults to be striven with, and overcome, we will hope, by God's grace; but in your unsisterly haste to condemn her, you lose command of your own temper, your pride is hurt, and you forget that she is younger than yourself, and in playfulness oversteps sometimes the bounds of propriety. No one thinks the less of the child for her roguishness, though I have often to reprove her; but while you give way to such fits of passion as I saw you indulge only yesterday, when she went to the store with her kitty in her arms dressed in baby-clothes, it seemed to me a far greater sin, — so many hard thoughts and words flew to your hasty tongue for what was really a harmless thing."

"But, mamma," said Marian, "don't you want her to behave well, so that folks will say what nice children you have? I thought you did."

"I always wish my daughters to behave

well, *not* exactly because of 'what people will say,' my love, but because I believe little ones, even as older people, can by their daily living honor our Father in heaven; and when my Marian, because she is afraid somebody will laugh at her little sister's playfulness, so often gets angry with her, I can't help thinking of the verses I have just read. First, 'cast out the beam out of thine own eye;' *then* let a quick hand be laid on that unruly temper, give a moment's pause, a thought, — 'She does not know, she means no harm,' — then, dear, a kind word to Isabel will do all you would like. She would give up any play, I think, if sister Marian asked her gently so to do," and Mrs. Howe, with a tender kiss, left her words to make their own way to the warm heart of the little girl as, with a prayer in her heart that the spirit would help the seed to bring forth good fruit, she left the room.

Among the many visitors at the Brighton Beach Hotel during the summer that followed the spring day that saw Marian's anger descend on her sister for one of her many escapades, there were none who more heartily enjoyed themselves than did these same little sisters. In pretty bathing-suits of light sea-green flannel trimmed with white, the long brown curls of Marian, and the fluffy golden ones of Bel, tossing about their bright faces as they danced and capered in the curling waves, they looked like veritable mermaids, and made a lovely picture. They climbed rocks; they dug holes in the shining sand; they hunted for shells and gathered pebbles all the day long, growing rosy, healthier, and happier with every day that passed. Bel was, as usual, up to all sorts of mischief. Always inventing some sort of new play, as was her wont, and finding her own means of

carrying it out. And often was Marian's ire roused when she heard a ringing laugh from some group of ladies and gentlemen on the verandah, and turned to see Bel parading on the sands below, in some improvised costume, playing with her dolls; or on one occasion, when she borrowed an old pea-jacket and slouched hat of a returned fisherman, left to dry in the sun, with dainty white feet bare, skirts well tucked up, with a fishing-pole in one hand, a huge basket in the other, she walked, a ridiculous little figure, across the street, down the beach, in front of the hotel, the "observed of all observers." Marian, after one horrified exclamation, clapped her hands over her mouth, and with blazing cheeks fled. Her sensitive pride could not stand the shock; and she rushed to the depths of the pine woods, half a mile away, where she stayed till supper was over.

One lovely afternoon the children were earnestly engaged in looking for shells to string into necklaces. The tide was out, — so far out that Bel told Marian she thought "it had gone to California to take tea and spend the night;" and so they strolled on and on, gathering shell after shell, each prettier than the last, till on looking around at last Marian found they were far out among some low rocks that lay beyond a point at the right of the beach, where they had never been before. She called hurriedly to Bel, who was a little way behind, "Bel, come quick! we must go back. See how far we are away!" and she hastened to the great rock that hid their starting-place from view. Jumping from one rounded stone to another, all thickly covered with coarse, wet sea-weed, making it a hard and tiresome journey, they reached the point, weary and breathless, to find the tide had come in and filled

the little bay that at low tide was but a rock-strewn way.

Marian's heart sank, as the thought came with the sight, What should she do? She could swim a little, but not so far; nor could she leave Bel there alone, in the middle of the ocean, as it seemed to her, — what *could* she do? Fear held her heart in a tight clutch; but she struggled bravely to face the situation and do the best she could. She always held herself responsible for Bel's safety when the two were at play together, and was proud of the trust her parents placed in her. It was all her fault, for the little sister ever followed blindly when Marian led. Yes, it was her heedlessness that might cost them their lives, though she hardly realized the whole force of the thought.

Darkness fell fast, now the sun had gone down in the crimsoned west, where the beautiful afterglow still lingered, though the east grew black with storm-clouds that were slowly gathering, to droop over and hide the white-winged ships that loomed on the far horizon like ghosts of buried hopes.

Marian cheered the little one beside her as well as she could, and begged her not to cry, looking the while intently on all sides for a way of escape. At last, when she could bear no more, she grasped Bel's hand tightly, saying, "Bel, dear, we must try and get to the top of that high rock over there; it will be hard work, little sister, but I will help you all I can. We must try *hard*, or" — She did not say *what*, but Bel knew by the way she set her lips and drew in her breath that the "or" was something dreadful, and readily agreed to do her best.

So on they struggled again, over those slushy, slippery masses of wet sea-weed, till, after many pauses to breathe, and to

wipe away falling tears; once to kneel, and say, with clasped hands, "Our Father," — that sweet petition that answers so many and so various needs, in all times and places, — often stumbling in the darkness that settled more and more closely about them, they reached at length the foot of the high rock, and none too soon, for the sea-weed now began to lift, and float in in level lines on the incoming tide, and then began the hardest work of all, — the scramble up the ragged, wave-worn side of the great boulder.

With dresses torn, wet, and smeared with green slime, the poor little hands bruised and bleeding, utterly worn out with fatigue and fear, the children gained the top, and sank down, exhausted, on its small level crown, the highest part of "Old Bruin's Back," as the rock was called.

Clasped in a close embrace, the sisters indulged in a good cry; then Marian started up, saying, cheerfully, "Now, little sister, so far so good. Next we must use our eyes and ears; those little servants must help us as they never did before. You remember 'Susie's Little Servants'? — look sharp, and listen hard! Perhaps some of the fishermen will be going home this way, with the fish for breakfast, and we may make them hear or see us. First I'll call loud, then you call, and I guess God will keep the water from coming 'way up and drowning us, till somebody comes. Only I'm *so* sorry for you and mamma, — dear mamma will be *so* frightened, I — Oh dear! oh dear! and it's all my fault!" she added, with a fresh burst of tears.

A long watch it seemed: almost a hopeless one, sitting there in the dark, damp, lonely night; no friendly stars keeping their lamps trimmed and burning through the lagging moments; no cheerful song of

crickets singing their sweet good-night, as while they lay in the cosy chamber beside mamma's room, listening to the last greeting from the outside world of bird and insect, — only the ripple and sway of the restless sea flinging itself against rocky barriers again, again, and yet once again, ever again, till in unsatisfied longing it gathered its wealth to its heart and left the obdurate stones wet with its bitter woe.

"Don't go to sleep, Bel; you may see a boat or a light, if I don't," cried Marian, nervously, though her unnaturally bright eyes were peering excitedly into the darkness. "Don't!" she almost screamed, as Bel answered her, drowsily, —

"I'm *so* tired, Mollie. I'm *so* tired—I—I guess—you'll see pretty—soon! I—guess your *beams* is out—all—out—by—this time. No, I ain't asleep—" but she was. She could hold out no longer, and sailed off to dreamland in sleep's silver boat, while Marian, in spite of her wild anxiety, was startled by her words, — "beams." In a flash came back before her the fair spring day, when the lilacs' purple plumes were waving like fragrant censers through the lengthening days; a certain afternoon when she had rushed in from school, angry with the little one beside her, full of complaint of her to the dear mother she so loved and longed for in this hour of trial. Would she ever see her again? Then the words of the chapter she had read; the talk on "motes and beams," — why, Bel must have overheard the whole thing, for mamma would never have told her, — and then she remembered when she had tried *not* to get angry with the little girl when she had her "performances," as Marian called them, how much more quietly Bel had given up than she used to, at Marian's gentle "O Bel, dear! I wouldn't do so," and it must

have been that she had heard all, and knew that her sister was "striving to overcome," — and a great throb of gladness swelled through Marian's heart, that she had tried to control the wicked feelings that would sometimes rise so quickly, and that dear mamma had often, through the summer, given her an approving word, look, or smile, at such times. She covered her face with her hands, and cried, softly, "Dear Father in heaven, help me always to remember and cast out my 'beams,' for I am only a little girl." Just then a faint "Halloo!" broke on the still night air. She raised her voice in a shrill, high cry that reached the anxious searchers. With a glad shout old Tim Bent sprang from the "Curlew" on to the rock where the children were. They were quickly lifted into their father's arms, and speedily rowed to the landing.

Of the joyous meeting we need not stay to speak. Thankful hearts rejoiced, gratefully praising the Giver of new blessings and fresh mercies; and the little ones were soon asleep in the snow-white beds upstairs, while the mother and father sat in silent joy beside their restored treasures.

The next morning Marian, after recounting more fully than she could on the previous night the adventures of the afternoon and evening, told her mother of Bel's sleepy talk, adding, with tearful eyes, "Oh, wasn't I glad then, dear Muzzie, that you showed me the 'motes and beams,' and that I could see that I had really *tried* to get rid of mine! Now I will try harder than ever," and a sweetly fervent kiss sealed her resolution.

THE discovery of what is true and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects in life.

For The Dayspring.

THE BIRDIES' GOOD-BY.

BY TANNIE M. SCANDLIN.

Birds.

THE wind rocks our nests,
And the days have grown chill;
The leaves are all turning
By river and hill.
The pine still is green,
But the maple, kind fellow,
Has doffed his green suit,
And put on a deep yellow.
So, come, little birds,
For no longer we'll stay,
But southward will fly
Till once more comes the May.

Trees.

O dear little birds,
We've been friends so long,
Don't leave us so soon,
For we love your sweet song.
In the evening, we rock you
Asleep in our arms,
And shield you in safety
From fear or from harm.

But the wind, through the tree-tops,
Sent forth a loud blast,
And the birdies knew well
That the summer was past;
So they made up their minds,
Though not without sorrow,
To be up and away
With the dawn of the morrow.
So the redbreast and bluebird
Flew, to sing one last song
To the children who'd loved them
The whole summer long;
And the yellow-bird bright,
And the humming-bird too,
Flew about 'mongst the trees,
Making quite an ado.

But at last, when the shadows
Grew darksome and deep,
They flew to their nests,
And were soon fast asleep;
And the wind whispered round them
A sweet lullaby,

And the stars from above
Twinkled down a good-by.
And so sweetly they slept
Through the calm autumn night,
Till the sun tinged the earth
Once again with his light;
And then all the birdies,
With glad hearts and free,
Poured out this blithe song
From each fence, bush, and tree.

"Good-by, kind, good trees,
Who have kept us so warm,
Our Father in heaven
Still will shield us from harm;
And when spring shall return,
With its sunshine and flowers,
We will all come again
To your green leafy bowers."

Then the birds and the trees
And the children did sing,
"Good-by, loving friends,
Good-by, till next spring."

For The Dayspring.

A DISH OF CRABS.

You remember, of course, the Mother Goose pie of four-and-twenty blackbirds. And perhaps you have been told of a Lion Tart, that was actually served at a dinner-party in Edinburgh, several years ago. It was in an immense dish, and when the host carefully cut the top-crust, the tawny heads and paws of six live lion-cubs appeared at the rim. They belonged to a menagerie, owned by the host; and after the guests had played with and petted them awhile, they were returned to their mother.

But in China, it is not an uncommon thing among the wealthy classes, to serve live crabs at a feast, to be actually eaten. Indeed, most of the food would seem very strange and uninviting to us. In the first place, a light wine, made from rice, is brought to table, hot, in a china kettle.

This is poured into porcelain cups, and passed round, with sweet buckwheat biscuits. The host toasts the guests with both wine and biscuits, they toasting him in return. Custards and preserved ice-fruits are succeeded by cold smoked fish and ham, "Japan letter," salted earth-worms, and pigeons' eggs, which have been dipped in vinegar, to soften the shells. Then come deer-sinews; afterwards, rice and curry; chopped bears' paws; beef and mutton, cut in small cubes, and swimming in gravy; pork; cats and puppies, boiled in buffaloes' milk; "shant-ing," — which means sweet potatoes, mixed with white cabbage; fowls dressed with hot oil; and birds' eggs of various kinds, which it is not considered requisite should be fresh.

A gentleman, travelling in China, was present at a dinner-party, where, after all these various courses, a large, covered dish was placed on table, and, naturally enough, he wondered what could be next? When the cover was lifted, the crabs were, in a moment, running all over the table. They had been thrown into vinegar at the time the company sat down to dinner. The guests, to whom these live edibles were no new thing, seized them with their chopsticks, and proceeded coolly to *eat them alive!* The traveller, resolving not to be outdone, and when in China to do as the Chinese did, caught one, and with some difficulty swallowed it. He managed a second, and was pluming himself on his dexterity, when the third turned the tables on him, and bit his lip severely. He thought this was enough of live crabs, and turned his attention to the remainder of the feast. "Soy," a beverage made from the Japan bean, was passed round, and followed by various kinds of fresh and shell-fish, thin broths, and birds' nest soup,

costly but insipid. Several handsome porcelain dishes, the same number as that of the guests, were then set on table. They were shaped like a cabbage-leaf, and fitted one into another, making one large tray. They contained scorched seeds and nuts. Tea and hot wines concluded the feast.

M. O. J.

ROCKS!

A GENTLEMAN was once, when a lad, sailing down East River, near New York, which was then a very dangerous channel. He watched the old steersman with great interest, and observed that whenever he came to a stick of painted wood he changed his course.

"Why do you turn out for those bits of wood?" asked the boy.

The old man looked up from under his shaggy brows, too much taken up with his task to talk, and simply growled out, "Rocks."

"Well, I would not turn out for those bits of wood," said the thoughtless boy; "I would go right over them." The old man only replied by a look which that boy has not forgotten in his manhood. "Poor foolish lad," it said, "how little you know about rocks!"

So, children, shun the rocks as you would the way of death. There are plenty of buoys to warn you where they lie hidden; and, whenever you meet one, turn aside, for there a danger lies. — *The Well-Spring.*

YOUNG friends, education is to you what polish and refinement are to the true diamond. In its rude state the diamond resembles a stone or piece of charcoal; but, when cut and manufactured, it comes out a bright and beautiful diamond, and is sold at a great price.

WORK AND PLAY.

DON'T loiter, boys and girls. When you know what you ought to do, then go about it promptly; work at it diligently, and finish it. Work first, and play afterward. Work first, and rest afterward. Never dawdle. Is there a garden to be weeded, corn to be hoed, hay to be raked, coal to be brought up, an errand to be done, a lesson to be learned, make that the first thing, and, if possible, the only thing, until it is finished. Your comfort and your success in life depend very much upon the habits you form in this matter.

You find some people who are always saying they have so much to do, and yet they seem to accomplish very little. They are not comfortable, and they are not successful. Perhaps they have a letter to write; and they worry over it every day for a week, exhausting as much strength in this useless worry and "dread to go about it," each day, as another would in writing and posting half a dozen letters. The successful men—railroad-presidents, bankers, manufacturers, merchants, farmers—are men who have what we call executive ability, or "dispatch." It is the power of forming an accurate judgment quickly, doing a thing, or giving orders for it, at once, and then dismissing it from the mind, so that the next thing may be taken up and dispatched. The hour's duties are done in the sixty minutes, the day's duties within business-hours; and then the man may read, ride, talk, sleep, rest, with a mind free from care. If the boys and girls manage their work thus, then they will enjoy their play. — *Scholars' Companion*.

HAPPINESS consists not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA No. 1.

I am composed of fourteen letters.
 My 11, 7, 6, is a number.
 My 10, 3, 13, 9, is a place for cooking food.
 My 11, 5, 6, is a measure of weight.
 My 12, 2, 1, 4, is a hollow place.
 My 13, 8, 14, 11, 12, is the planet we inhabit.
 My whole is a command of Jesus.

ENIGMA No. 2.

I am composed of twenty-six letters.
 My 20, 1, 10, 18, is to satiate.
 My 2, 11, 23, 13, is a city in Europe.
 My 3, 15, 16, 26, is a kind of grain.
 My 23, 22, 12, 14, 24, 4, 6, 1, is a country in Asia.
 My 5, 11, 15, 23, is a kind of earth.
 My 7, 1, 6, 5, is a part of the hand.
 My 8, 13, 23, is a precious stone.
 My 19, 11, 9, 20, is a Scotch name.
 My 17, 6, 25, is a pronoun.
 My 23, 1, 21, is a human being.
 My whole is a proverb.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

Handkerchief.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Scowl, cowl, owl.
2. Saxe, axe.
3. Then, hen.
4. Sword, word.
5. Gown, own.

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(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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